

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY DANIEL K. WHITAKER, NEW-BEDFORD.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1823.

No. 48.

POETRY.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

ALAS! 'tis vain, presumptuous man,
To call thine own, to-morrow;
To think the future thus to scan,
And free thyself from sorrow.

Although at morn the sun hath rose
With cloudless rays to cheer;
Alas, his evening beams may close
Mortality's career.

Then do not breathe an anxious sign,
To hail the dawning morrow;
Remember—screen'd from every eye,
The future may be sorrow.

Remember too, Time's cruel blade
The fondest ties will sever;
That earthly hopes will fall and fade,
Like Autumn's leaf—forever.

From Parry's Welsh Melodies.

OWALN GLYNDWR'S WAR SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SAW ye the blazing star?

The heavens look down on freedom's war,
And light her torch on high!

Bright on the dragon crest
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,

When warriors meet to die!
Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,

And vengeance in its flame,
Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair
Of conquest and of fame,

And swell the rushing mountain-air,
With songs of Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
Mark'd ye how each majestic height
Burn'd in its awful beams?

Red shone the eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
Was full of glorious dreams!

Oh! eagles of the battles rise!
The hope of Gwynedd wakes:

It is your banner in the skies,
Through each dark cloud which breaks,
And mantles, with triumphal dyes,
Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur, as of swelling seas,
The Saxon on his way!

Lo! spear, and shield, and lance,
From Deva's waves, with lightning glance,
Reflected to the day!

But who the torrent wave compels
A conquerors chain to bear?

Let those who wake the soul that dwells
On our free winds, beware!

The greenest and the loveliest dells
May be the lion's lair!

Of us they told, the seers
And monarch-bards of elder years,
Who walk'd on earth as pow'rs;
And in their burning strains
A spell of might and mystery reigns,
To guard our mountain-towers!

—In Snowden's caves a prophet lay,
Before his gifted sight
The march of ages passed away,
With hero footsteps bright,
But proudest in that long array
Was Glyndwr's path of light.

VIRTUE.

"By virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
"Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed."

That maxim published in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiasts to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.
Then Bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth.
Unpitied massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of heaven.

Christian Philanthropist.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

SKETCHES OF THE MANNERS OF THE FIRST CHRISTIANS.

THE manners of the Christians in the three first centuries were, as we have remarked, extremely plain and simple. Persecution made them humble, and deprived them of that respect which inspires men with ambition. As the church grew in power it increased in splendour also; and, in the fourth century, during the reign of the christian emperor, Constantine, it began to be distinguished for the magnificence of its ceremonies. It had, in fact, at this period, acquired from the liberality of princes, and the superstition of the northern nations, great wealth, which gave it dignity in the eyes of the world, and added to its spiritual dominion, and ecclesiastical privileges, the attributes of human power. The interests and passions of men, the ambition of priests, and the will of rulers, blended with the simple forms of the christian faith the mystical decoration of Paganism, and the extravagant fictions of the East.—When religion ceased to attract men by the lustre of virtue, it hoped thus to astonish them by the grandeur of its observances. It in a great measure accomplished its object; for it taught them to fear and reverence for its authority, what they had once loved for its gentleness and amiable features.

Baptism was now administered to infants and adult persons, with a greater number of ceremonies than in the preceding ages. They were dipped three times into the water. Exorcisms and anointings were in use—the first were practiced in order to drive away malignant spirits, and the second, as a consecrating service, and an emblem of the influence of God upon the human soul.—Milk and honey were given to catechumens, as formerly. The adult were prepared for receiving this sacrament by many previous observances, so holy and so important did it appear to them as an initiatory ordinance. If a Christian committed crimes after the administration of this sacrament, he underwent penance. Public penance was imposed for all great crimes, of which the penitents were either convicted or confessed themselves guilty. Absolution, or the ceremony of the remission of sins, was not usually refused for any crime; but penance, or positive inflictions, whether of a public or private nature, was not

allowed to release the delinquent twice for the same offence. The sacrifice of the Eucharist was celebrated with various rites. Both of the elements were usually given to the people—the bread and the wine; but on some occasions, only one element of the sacrifice was administered—the bread. This has been considered, by some Christians, a profanation of the holy ceremony; but it appears, that not only motives of economy, but also of necessity, in some countries, led to a separation of the sacred elements. In the infancy of Christianity, the rapid increase of converts, the frequency of the celebration, and the expense of wine, rendered it more prudent to use bread, which could be obtained without detriment to the laity. In some countries, wine was not to be had at any rate. In Rome it was no superfluity. In Jerusalem it was a rare luxury, and in many provinces of Asia Minor, neither commerce nor the vineyards were of any advantage to the church. Before the communion-office began, prayers were offered for penitents, and the catechumens, or new converts. The sacred scriptures were read in the public assemblies, and the bishop or one of the priests pronounced a discourse. The assemblies were held in churches consecrated to the Deity, and built with great magnificence. Their architecture had no simple character; it was neither ancient nor modern, but consisted chiefly in a mixture of the Gothic and Roman orders, whose outline is rather grand than beautiful. The apartment for the priestesses of Apollo was now occupied by nuns, and the statues of the ancient gods and goddesses were re-modelled, and carved into the images of christian saints by the chisel of Catholics. Music became a principal part of the religious service. Wax candles were lighted during the nocturnal offices. The dead were buried with much ceremony and pomp, and the great festivals, commemorative of important events in the history of Christ, were celebrated with much solemnity; processions were introduced. Prayer for the dead was a common practice in the church; they were commemorated at the celebration of the Eucharist; the invocation of saints and martyrs, and the celebration of their festivals, were common in all the churches; crosses were considerably used, and the sign of the cross was made very often. A blessing was given for marriage, but the church never conferred it for second marriages, and even imposed penance upon bigamists for some time; marriages contracted between persons who could not marry according to the civil laws, were looked upon as void; a divorce for adultery was sometimes permitted. The mysteries were carefully concealed from the catechumens. The bishops, priests, deacons and laity had their respective places in their temples; and, in short, it appears that divine service was performed with much decency, modesty, gravity—and pomp.

The monastic state was established in this age, and soon became very common and popular; monasteries were erected with great rapidity, and in great numbers, and filled with monks and holy men, who retired from the world, observed celibacy, lived in obedience, kept excessive fasts, and performed very great austerities. Virgins were consecrated to God, made vows of virginity, and lived together under the government of an abbess.—Some Christians turned hermits, and lived in des-

St. B. Whit

ents; others became pilgrims, and visited the holy places at Jerusalem—all pretended to live piously, and in the multitude of their ceremonies, sacrifices, fasts and religious observances, they hoped to secure to themselves the eternal joys of heaven, at the expense of all earthly delights and pleasures.

"RICHARDS," in the Universalist Magazine, has misrepresented the argument which was stated in our 43d number, against the system of Universalism. We allow that he has treated the subject with much good humour and considerable wit. When, however, he will show that it has never ceased to snow, he may if he chooses, compare snow with misery, which has never ceased to exist. But misery is not a property of the weather; it has little to do with hail-stones, or thunder-storms; with rainbows, or rivers, or April showers—it is a property of the mind, which is immortal, and may perhaps, be commensurate with its existence. If it is not agreeable to the will of God that misery should exist hereafter, and he is able to prevent its existence, it devolves upon "Richards" to shew why it has ever existed at all.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

THE CORRESPONDENT. No. 14.

The special Ordinances of Christianity are strikingly simple, interesting and reasonable. Baptism is an initiatory rite. By this rite, we, either in infancy or in adult age, are regularly introduced, as members, and to all the privileges of the church of Christ. The design of the Lord's Supper is to commemorate the death of our Saviour. And what is more reasonable than publicly to acknowledge our grateful remembrance of so generous and disinterested a benefactor? To this Ordinance, all who professed faith in Christ, as the Messiah, had, in apostolic time, and therefore all who profess this faith, at the present time, should have the privilege and rite. The conditions associated with admittance to this ordinance, have, at different periods and in different churches, been indecorous and unreasonable, arbitrary and unchristian. This subject demands the attention of sober, rational, and devout christians, of all denominations. The design of this religious rite has been astonishingly disregarded, misunderstood, and abused. It is perfectly well known, that in many churches, at this moment, many modest, unostentatious, well informed, and devout christians, are not permitted, by reason of unauthorized and unscriptural conditions, to come forward, in the society with which they are connected, to commemorate the Saviour at his table. It is not my purpose, at present, to consider the corruptions and abuses, to which this interesting rite has been subjected, but to say a word of its nature and simplicity. No list of articles of faith can be adduced from scripture, as subscribed by the first converts to christianity. All believers in Christ were communicants. This ordinance is one of the means of religion, and who is authorized on scripture ground to forbid the believer in Christ to partake in this ordinance? I know it is often said that the church must be purified, or kept pure, by admissions through the medium of tests and creeds; as if creeds and confessions were a security from hypocrisy and presumption. The Corinthian christians, who most scandalously abused this rite, though they were reprimanded by St. Paul, were not excommunicated for their partaking so unworthily. Let it be remembered, especially, that *Judas the traitor, was present at its institution, and was a partaker of this rite with Christ himself.*

In the christian scriptures there are yet some things, as St. Peter remarked, "hard to be understood." To become acquainted with the exact import of some passages, we must be carried back to the times in which they were written. We must consider some of them as having relation to facts which do not now exist, and consequently there may be nothing in the present state of the church and of the world, to which they can refer. We must be aware that some of the difficult and obscure passages are *entirely* local and temporary; that others, not a few, regard controversies and heresies in the early state of christianity, of which we are almost totally ignorant. There are many reasons which might be assigned for the difficulty of understanding some of the obscure parts of scripture, particularly some of the epistolary writings. Christ sometimes adapted his language to the prevalent opinions of the time in which he lived, without deciding upon the truth or falsehood of such opinions; for example, in regard to those diseases, which are represented in the scriptures as demoniacal possessions.

The genuine religious temper and character may be associated with erroneous opinions; and correct sentiments and speculations may be associated with criminal defect in religion. "Faith without works is dead." Mere speculative belief of every scripture doctrine cannot redeem a life of practical infidelity. How we *live* is far more important than how we *believe*. The most essential scripture doctrines are so clearly communicated, that all can easily understand them; and God will accept virtuous purpose, persevering endeavour, and constantly advancing virtue, in the place of perfect rectitude.

We ought to admit all the doctrines of scripture by the evidence of reason; to keep the avenues to progressive improvement, open and free; to discard erroneous opinions, as often as we can detect them, however honestly imbibed, or however sanctified by age; to feel and confess that we are liable to false principles and inferences; and to acknowledge the good man, to whatever religious denomination he may belong, our christian brother.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

CHARITY.

THERE is no virtue which all appear to recommend so much, and practice so little, as charity. The strict observance of its sacred laws is the constant boast, and their wanton violation the perpetual complaint of almost every sect or party. This, so far as the intention is concerned, is worthy of all praise. Charity is indeed, the first of virtues. If universally practised, it would tend, more than any thing else, to elevate and purify the delights of social intercourse. It would kindle in our bosoms a holier flame of generous feeling, and call into lively exercise those finer sympathies, which take from suffering so much of its bitterness, and smooth the rough places of this earthly pilgrimage. But do they who commend charity, regard it in this light? Do they consider its real character, its wide extent, its impartial claims? Are they fully aware of the sacred duties it enjoins? If they are, they will not be hasty to accuse others of being uncharitable; for the very charge too often proves, that they who bring it are uncharitable. To no danger are we more exposed, than that of falling into the same errors which we blame in others. The very task of finding fault, flatters our pride, and puts to sleep our self-inspection. The more we can find that is wrong abroad, the less we think of looking for it at home. Of no subject is this more true than of religion. To discover and talk of the sin of those

about us, is often made to pass for virtue in ourselves. The faults of our neighbours are used to hide our own; though it seems little better than to borrow others' rags, for the purpose of concealing their own nakedness.

One of the dispositions which charity demands of us, is a willingness to listen to all that can be fairly urged against our opinions and conduct.—There are many who appear to think, that when they have consented that every one should examine and judge for himself in matters of religion, they have done all that charity requires. To regard the rights of private judgment, is certainly doing a great deal; a great deal more than used to be done; a great deal more than is done by many whose influence in the religious community is such as to impose the highest obligation. But after all, to what does this amount, except a mere matter of policy, not to say necessity? How can men help letting others think as they please? The time has been, when the civil authority could array its formidable barriers against the progress of free inquiry; when kings and popes could command the waves of public opinion to roll so far, but no farther; Councils could arraign, and decree, and condemn. And they may arraign, and decree, and condemn now, if they will; but the sentence will be executed upon none but themselves. The glorious light of Christianity has been abroad too long and extended too far, to be again shut up in the chambers of the ignorant and the domineering, and dealt out in scanty portions to the humble and the poor. That noble spirit of free investigation, which alone can inspire confidence, is now awake. Men are beginning to think, and to glory in the right of thinking for themselves. Reason, that poor, bewildered creature, who is now idolized, and now trampled upon, is throwing off the shackles which have long palsied her noblest efforts. Charity has new claims to urge, and larger duties to enjoin. It requires not only that we be willing that others should differ from us, but that we be willing also to examine the grounds of their difference. It requires that we consent to have our opinions opposed by every fair argument, and proved to be wrong, if possible; and then that they be renounced and better ones taken in their stead. Our religious privileges, if they are good for any thing, will not shrink from the closest scrutiny. Why then be afraid to read books, which are written against the faith we hold? Why refuse to listen to those who have the same powers to judge, and the same right to be heard that we have? "If a man," says a philosopher and a christian, "after all his profession, cannot bear any opposition to his opinion, if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof?"

A love which arises to any one on account of his pleading, standing up contending for them and maintaining their cause, is a love pregnant with hatred and ill will to every body else, and nothing will gratify it more than to see the opposite party hated, reviled and blackened.—*Dr. Bellamy.*

There is in some persons a most unsuitable and insufferable boldness in their addresses to the great Jehovah; the very thoughts of which would make them shrink in nothing, with horror and confusion, if they saw the distance that is between God and them. *President Edwards.*

& Correct Copy of PRESIDENT ADAMS' Letter to Rev.
Dr. BANCROFT, of Worcester.

QUINCY, JAN. 24, 1823.

"DEAR SIR—I thank you for your kind letter of the 30th of December, and above all for the gift of a precious volume. It is a chain of diamonds set in links of gold. I have never read, nor heard read a volume of sermons better calculated or adapted to the age and country in which it was written. How different from the sermons I heard and read in the town of Worcester from the years 1755 to 1758. As my destiny in life has been somewhat uncommon, I must beg your pardon for indulging in a little egotism.—I may say I was born and bred in the centre of theological and ecclesiastical controversy. A sermon of Mr. Bryant, minister of this parish, who lived on the spot now a part of the farm on which I live, occasioned the controversy between him and Mr. Niles, Mr. Porter, Mr. Bass, and many others; it broke out like the eruption of a volcano, and blazed with portentous aspect for many years. The death of Dr. Miller, the Episcopalian minister of this town, produced the controversy between Dr. Mayhew and Mr. Apthorp, who were both so connected with this town, that they might almost be considered inhabitants of it. I may almost say that my eyes opened upon books of controversy. When I removed to Worcester in 1755, I found that county hot with controversy between the parties of Mr. Buckminster, and Mr. Millen. I became acquainted with Dyer, Doolittle, and Baldwin,* three notable disputants. Mr. Maccarty, though a Calvinist, was not a bigot, but the town was a scene of disputes all the time I lived there. When I left them, I entered into a scene of other disputations at the bar, and not long afterwards, disputations of another kind in politics. In later times I have lived with Atheists, Deists, and Sceptics; with Cardinals, Archbishops, Monks, Priests and Friars of the Roman Catholic persuasion; with Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Priests of the Church of England; with Farmer, Price, Priestley, Kippis, Rees, Lindsey, Disney, and Jebb; with the English and Scottish Clergy in Holland, and especially with Dr. MacLane, at the Hague. I have conversed freely with most of the sects in America, and have not been wholly inattentive to the writings and reasonings of all these denominations of Philosophers and Christians:—You may well suppose, then, that I have had controversies enough; but after all I declare to you that your twenty-nine sermons, have expressed the result of all my reading, experience, and reflections in a manner more satisfactory to me than I could have done in the best days of my strength.

The most afflictive circumstances that I have witnessed in the lot of humanity, are the narrow views, the unsocial humors, the fastidious scorn, and repulsive temper of all denominations excepting one.

I cannot conclude this letter without adding an anecdote. One of the zealous mendicants for contributions to the funds of the Missionary Societies, called on a gentleman in Haverhill, and requested his charity.—The gentleman declined subscribing, but added, that there are in and about the town of —, nine Clergymen, ministers of nine Congregations, not one of whom lives on terms of civility with any others, will admit none other into his pulpit, nor be permitted to go into the pulpit of any other. Now if you will raise a fund to send missionaries to — to convert these nine Clergymen to Christianity, I will contribute as much as any man.

I am with great respect and esteem,

Your friend and humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

*These men were professed Deists, then resident in Worcester.—*Christian Register*.

Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, APRIL 29, 1823.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

THIS work is calculated to interest alike the politician, the historian and the lover of fiction. It takes up a portion of English history distinguished for its revolutions and religious wars. Great talents are usually called forth by the struggles of contending parties. The schemes of ambitious statesmen; the heroism of warriors in battle; the event of victory; the triumph of success, and the changes of the new order of things, successively occupy, agitate and inspire the imagination, stimulate enterprize, and communicate life to the faculties of the soul. Had Charles II. been a more energetic character, a more enlightened statesman, the event of the Revolution would have been brilliant and interesting in the extreme—it would have opened an exalted sphere for the exercise of the imagination which always borrows the interest of its tale from the master spirit of the age which it commemorates. A life of pleasure, like that of Charles, is so uniform, and so little diversified by events, that it interests us only by a contrast with the station that he filled. Cromwell, a more bustling, active and aspiring genius, with a mind intent upon its object, and having in itself great strength and spirit for every emergency, brilliant in its conceptions, ready in its efforts, but unfortunate in the fate of its ambitious projects, would make a very interesting character, and a better one, if we must have recourse to that era of history, than Charles II. Buckingham, versatile in his character and ingenious in his profligacy—a poet and a fop—a loyal subject, but an ambitious statesman—and almost a traitor for the sake of his pleasures, has a conspicuous place in this work, and in fact, appears to greater advantage than his sovereign. He is the restless partizan, the favorite of the people, the accomplished courtier, the wit, the unsatisfied gallant, the procurer of places, the inheritor of titles, and the liberal spendthrift of wealth, for the sake of the public weal and the gratification of his senses. Scott has not produced his parallel before. As a character standing by itself, and contributing to the reputation of the work, it is, however, entitled to little respect. It amuses us by the frequency and rapidity of its revolutions, and by the apparent ease with which it adopts and pursues the momentary objects of its preference. But it wants that stability and steady elevation of principle which are necessary to an heroic character and a perfect model.

The machinery of the romance turns upon Fenella, who, if she is not a witch, has certainly full right to place herself among beings of a supernatural order. This fiction is more ingenious than that of Meg Merrilies, or even than Flipper-tegibbet. It partakes more of human nature than the first, and displays more skill and originality of talent than the last. Fenella excites considerable sympathy for her apparent misfortune, but she produces astonishment, as those often do who are destitute of the organs of speech and hearing, by her wonderful sagacity and intelligence—by her agility—her strange sense of musical sounds—the violence of her passions, and the ardour of her affections. The restraint she maintains over herself in order to conceal the imposition that she practices upon the credulity of the world, heightens our wonder when her true character is made manifest. We shall proceed to a further consideration of this work in a future number.

Maxim.—Be careful to confine your tongue, lest it confine you.

DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Johnson tells us, in his life of the great Frederick of Prussia, that his majesty's father was particularly attached to his tall regiment, and that if he met with a woman of more than common height, he consigned her to Berlin, and married her to one of his giants, intending thereby to propagate procerity, and procure heirs for the father's habilliments. The following circumstance proves the truth of this pompous paragraph. As the king was one day travelling incognito through Brandenburg, arrayed in a blue coat, little hat, and worsted stockings, he cast his eyes upon a young woman who was near seven feet high. Such a sight as this never escaped him, and he alighted from his horse, and caused her to be brought before him; when, finding that she was a shoemaker's daughter, unmarried, unengaged, and only nineteen years of age, he immediately wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier guards at Berlin, commanding him to cause the bearer to be instantly married to the tallest man in his corps, and to be present at the ceremony. This letter he delivered to the girl, without informing her of the contents; but making her a handsome present, enjoined her to carry it as directed, deliver it into the colonel's own hands, and wait for an answer; this done, he proceeded on his journey. The girl never having been at Berlin, and not suspecting the rank of the personage who gave her the letter, bargained with a little old woman in the neighbourhood to carry it. The deputy was true to her trust, and delivered the letter as directed; but the colonel, on reading it, was surprised.—However, his majesty's orders were peremptory, and must be obeyed: the parties met and were married, and the affair remained a mystery until the king's return to his capital, when the first persons he wished to see were his handsome new married couple. He was astonished at the sight of the bride, and in great wrath, demanded "how she came to practise such abominable deceit?" The woman told him the truth, and lifting up her eyes to the ceiling, acknowledged the kindness of Providence in bringing about such a wonderful work of charity, by such unexpected means.

"AMERICAN LITERATURE," says one of the English Magazines, "has not hitherto enjoyed the advantages of what in London is known by the name of *Magazine day*; on the last day of every month, when all the Magazines, Reviews, and Journals appear; and when, in consequence, a species of book-fair is created in the vicinity of Paternoster Row. The fourscore periodical works published on that day, cause returns within a few hours, in ready money, of little short of three thousand pounds. In America, on the contrary, the proprietors of periodical works labour under the disadvantage of being their own distributors; and instead of being paid in ready money, in large sums, by wholesale book-sellers, they depend on precarious returns from individual subscribers, scattered over the wide-spread regions of the United States.—Thus we see, in these journals, incessant complaints of the caprice and negligence of subscribers; of some literary journals, the proprietors are inadequately remunerated, and often overwhelmed by the multitude of small debts due from negligent patrons."—*London Monthly Magazine*.

The deceitfulness of the heart of man appears in no one thing so much as in that of spiritual pride and self-righteousness. Humility does not affect to show itself in any way whatever; nor is true humility a noisy thing; it is not loud and boisterous. A truly humble person is poor in spirit; and he naturally behaves himself, in many respects, as a poor man.

President Edwards.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

Dr. GOLDSMITH discovered, at a very early period, signs of genius that engaged the notice of all the friends of the family, and at the age of seven or eight evinced a natural turn for rhyming: The following instance of his early wit is handed down. A large company of young people were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver then but nine years old, was required to dance a hornpipe, a youth playing at the same time on a fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being short and thick, the musician, very archly as he supposed, compared him to *Æsop* dancing; and still harping on the idea which he conceived to be very bright, the laugh was suddenly turned against him by Oliver's stopping short in the dance with this retort;

"Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey playing."

This smart reply decided his fortune, for from that time it was determined to send him to the University. With this view he was removed to the school of Ashton, and from thence, after remaining two years, to Edgeworthytown, distance about twenty miles from his house.—In his last journey to this school he had an adventure which is thought to have suggested the plot of his "*Mistakes of a Night*." Some friend had given him a guinea; and in his way to Edgeworthytown he had diverted himself by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until at the fall of the night he found himself in a small town named Ardab. Here he enquired for the best house in the place, meaning an inn; but being understood too literally, he was shewn to the house of a private gentleman, when calling for somebody to take his horse, and lead him to the stable, he alighted, and was shewn to the parlour, being supposed a guest come to visit the master, whom he found sitting by a good fire. This gentleman immediately discovered Oliver's mistake; and being a man of good humour, and also learning from him the name of his father, who happened to be his acquaintance, he encouraged his deception. Oliver accordingly called about him, ordered a good supper, and generously invited the master, his wife and daughters, to partake of it, treated them with a bottle of wine, and at going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast, nor was it till his departure, when he called for his bill, that he found he had been hospitably entertained in a private house.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

An opulent merchant of Bagdad, being afflicted with a latent disorder which had baffled all the medical abilities of his native town, resolved to set out for a place, at the distance of a day's journey, which had long been famous for the number and skill of its physicians. As he had wrought up his mind to the highest pitch of confidence in the art and experience of these professors, he entered the town in great gaiety of heart, notwithstanding the number of fresh graves which he observed in the burying-places, and the many pallid countenances he met in the streets: "for," said he to himself, "it needs no calculation to convince me that these are but a small part of the whole city; and possibly these are all in a state of convalescence from a much lower condition."

As he proceeded, he enquired for the most eminent practitioner, and was directed to a very long, irregular street, which, he was told, was inhabited entirely by physicians. On entering the street, he was struck with its gloomy appearance, as it was shaded with yew-trees from top to bottom, and so infested with owls and bats, that it was with difficulty he could make his way. His alarms were prodigiously increased, when, upon advancing

towards the door of the largest house, he found himself in a throng of Ghosts, who instantly made a passage for him, by separating into two ranks. He pursued his way, as if he was running the gauntlet, till he came to the door, where having given a modest rap, his business was inquired by a damsel, who seemed far gone in a decline.—"My dear," said he, "before I declare my errand, have the kindness to tell me the meaning of all this unsubstantial gentry, who press round your door like beggars the day after a feast." "Stranger," she replied, "it is nothing more than a crowd of impudent Ghosts, who are continually upbraiding my master with the failure of his prescriptions." Now as there were pretty near five hundred of this order, our young merchant—without troubling himself with any calculations, or staying to consider that this number was small, or great, in proportion to the extent of the physician's practice, or that his superior skill might have drawn to him all the most desperate cases, yielded to his first impressions, and marched away in great good humour with his own penetration.

Before the next house there were not more than three hundred ghosts, which, however, was a formidable number in our traveller's estimation, and fixed his opinion respecting the merit of the Doctor: a circumstance that puzzled him not a little, was, that the magnitude and respectability of the houses decreased in the same ratio with the number of the ghosts which were ranged before them; for it seemed reasonable to conclude, that the best physicians would be best lodged, on account of their superior gains. But this was entering too much into calculation; so on he went, till he came to the end of the street, where was a small house of one story, and with only one ghost before it. "Here," said he, "without doubt, lives the man whom the Prophet has destined to be my restorer: with only one ghost in all his practice, it is odds indeed against my being the second." So saying, he knocked boldly at the door, and was introduced to the doctor, by a very plump and rosy maid servant. Having made his case known, he was promised a speedy deliverance; and accordingly was put to bed, and operated upon in so many ways, that in a short time he was reduced to a most deplorable condition.

He did such honor to the doctor's medicines, that at the end of the fourth day he found it advisable to make his will. The notary could not help expressing his surprise, that a person of such large property should put himself into such hands; and asked him if any severe calamities had reduced him to this act of desperation? This brought on a conversation, in which it transpired, that our young traveller was only the second patient that had fallen under the doctor's care since he entered into the profession, about three years ago.—The notary, who happened to be an honest man, was touched with compassion at the melancholy situation of the dying merchant. Having finished the business of the will, he proposed to him a trial of some more eminent physician; and after satisfying the one ghost doctor, under a pretence of changing the air, he removed the patient with great care, in a litter, to the house where he had been frightened away by the five hundred ghosts. On entering the house, the merchant was astonished to see the poor consumptive maiden, who had opened the door to him a little time ago, transformed into a very florid and healthful person.—This raised in him great hopes, which were amply justified by the event; for in the course of two weeks he returned to Bagdad, completely restored, whither he carried with him the notary's daughter, whom he married from motives of love towards herself, and gratitude to her father. He made also a resolution never to decide at first view,

but always take some pains in calculation, before he fixed the adoption.—*Looker-on.*

Thales, the Milesian, one of the seven wise men of Greece, being asked what was the oldest thing? he answered, that God was; because he has ever been; what was the handsomest thing? he said, the World was; because it is the work of God; what was the largest thing? Space because it comprehends every thing; What was the best thing? Virtue, replied he; because, without it, nothing that is good can be said or done; what was the easiest thing? to give advice to others; what was the hardest thing? to know one's self.

A celebrated Lawyer in this state, riding through a country town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way:—the old woman of the house told him he must keep on straight for some way, and then turn to the right; but said, that she herself was a going to pass the road that he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. "Well (said he) bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on 5 or 6 miles, the gentleman asked if they had not yet come to the road that he must take:—*Oh yes, (said she) we passed it two or three miles back; but I thought bad company better than none, so I kept you along with me!*

NEAT COMPLIMENT.

Waller, an English poet, made in a very good Latin poem, an excellent panegyric upon Cromwell, whilst he was protector. Charles II. being restored in 1660, Waller waited upon him with a copy of verses, which he had made in his praise. The King having read them, told him that he had made better for Oliver; to which Waller replied, *Please your Majesty*; we poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.

NEW CHURCH AT LYNN.

The Dedication of the Unitarian Church recently erected by the Second Congregational Society in Lynn, is to take place to-morrow.

The new Universalist Church, in Bulfinch-street, in Boston, will be dedicated on *Wednesday*, the 7th day of May, and the Rev. Mr. DEAN will be installed pastor of said Church on the same day.

MARRIED.

In this town, 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clough, Mr. THOMAS WESTON, of this town, to Miss ELIZA HOWARD, of Newport.

In *Dartmouth*, 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. JAMES H. HOWLAND, of Yarmouth, to Miss SALLY W. SMALLEY, daughter of Mr. Isaiah Smalley—By E. Slocum, Esq. Mr. ANDREW BEAUFORT to Miss PATIENCE RICKETSON, daughter of Capt. Clark Ricketson. 20th. Mr. ANSEL CROCKER to Miss SARAH TAYLOR, daughter of Capt. Edward Taylor.

In *Taunton*, by the Rev. Mr. Cobb, Mr. Philander Williams Dean to Miss Mary Ann Angier Carver.

In *Dighton*, Mr. Squire Goff to Mrs. Lydia Goff. In *Plymouth*, Mr. John C. Holmes to Miss Jane Avery Holmes—Mr. Joseph Lucas to Miss Lydia Keen.

DIED.

In this town, 20th inst. REBECCA, daughter of Mr. Robert Hillman, aged 6 years. Her death was occasioned by a pile of boards falling on her a few days previous.

In *Dartmouth*, 20th inst. Mr. DANIEL SHEARMAN, aged 81.

In *Taunton*, Mr. Philip Dean, aged 61; a worthy and valuable citizen.

In *Boston*, 18th inst. Hon. GEORGE CABOT, in the 72d year of his age.

In *Seekonk*, 18th inst. Daniel Carpenter, Esq. 84.

In *Little-Compton*, 17th inst. Mrs. ANN BROWNELL, aged 23, wife of Pardon Brownell, Esq. and daughter of Deacon Abraham Bailey.